THE

LADY's

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MAY, 1808.

QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

ALEXANDRINA PETROWNA, the lovely subject of our present memoir, is the sister of Alexander I. Emperor of Russia, and was married October 4, 1796, to Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, a prince as eminently distinguished for his valour and magnanimity, as his amiable consort is for every feminine grace and accomplishment.—Unhappily, the hitherto undisturbed felicity of their union is likely to experience an alarming interruption, from the destructive ravages of war, and the selfish machinations of state policy. Russia, regardless of every natural tie which should bind the neighbouring states in the closest bond of amity, has, with treachery which could only have been instigated by the arch fiend of discord himself, not only violated the claims of affinity, by assailing those whom it was in honour bound to assist and protect, but has clandestinely endeavoured to seduce the minds of his Swedish Majesty's subjects to open rebellion. Happily, however, the despotism and misery, which now prevails in Russia, are too generally known to admit of any attention being paid to those high sounding promises of independence, rights and privileges, which have been made, to draw them from their allegiance. The public spirit is roused against such unpro-

voked baseness and unnatural conduct. As it is not consistent with our plan to enter into political details, we refer our readers to those sources of information by means of which our country still supports its dearest privileges, and shall merely transcribe the interesting and energetic appeal with which the King of Sweden closes his spirited declaration:—"Faithful inhabitants of Finland! respectable people, your king, since the beginning of his reign, has constantly endeavoured to diffuse knowledge and prosperity throughout your country.—A treacherous friend is now attempting to disturb your repose, and throw you back into the darkness of ancient times. His sword is unsheathed over your heads; his blood-stained hands are extended to complete your ruin; do not rely on his faithless promises, which tend to unnerve the arm of loyalty, and decoy you from your constant attachment to your king and country. Concerned at the misfortunes attending on war, but convinced that he has not provoked them, your king feels satisfied that your attachment to his person remains unimpaired; and you may depend on his making the utmost exertions, assisted by a powerful ally, to protect and avenge you."—*Stockholm, March* 11, 1808.

It is certain that Russia has ever looked on Denmark with a malignant eye, though circumstances may have conspired to stifle the secret flame, which has, nevertheless, broke forth on many occasions of a less serious nature than that which now threatens to involve these kindred nations in perpetual discord and misery. One of them is pleasantly related by Sir John Carr, in the following words:—"About three miles from Louisa, another garrison town, we reached the frontiers of Sweden. A soldier raised the cross bar, such as I described in Denmark; we passed over a bridge which crosses a branch of the river Kymen, and divides Sweden from Russia. The *exclusive right* of *painting* this little bridge had very nearly inflamed those rival nations to a renewal of all those horrors, which have so long and so prodigally wasted the blood and treasure of both countries. This marvellous dispute, after a stormy discussion with the sword half-drawn, was settled in the following manner, viz. Sweden was to use what sized brush and what colour she preferred, upon one half of the bridge; and, on the other,

Russia the like materials, in the way that best suited her fancy. But it is useless to talk about a few piles and planks, they were the ostensible; but the *real* cause of the difference was, and ever will be, the *vicinity* of the countries: for, unhappily! nations are more disposed to mutual attachment when they cannot see each other."

Such may be the petty jealousy of neighbouring states; but how shall we express our abhorrence of that policy, which, acted upon by ambition or pusillanimity, can warp the youthful mind, and corrupt those principles which were once the pride and admiration of Europe—which can raise a brother's arm against a sister's dearest interests, and lead a powerful monarch from the paths of true glory, into the blood-stained track of rapine, fraud, and injustice! Yet such are the consequences of war, and such is the aim of that rapacious tyrant, who grasps a sceptre of apparent magic power, which never fails to scatter desolation wherever it extends its baneful influence.

CALPHURNIA;

OR, CONJUGAL TENDERNESS.

CALPHURNIA, the wife of Pliny, was one of the most amiable females of the age in which she lived; and the affection with which she justly inspired the breast of her husband, is displayed in a letter which he wrote to her aunt, who had undertaken the care of her education, and had instilled the most virtuous sentiments into her mind.—"I doubt not," says Pliny, "but you will rejoice to hear that she proves worthy of her father, and worthy of you—she has great talents, is an excellent economist, and I possess the entire affection of her heart. To these qualities she unites a taste for literature; she has collected my works, which she reads perpetually, and even learns to repeat.—When I am to plead, how great is the anxiety she suffers! when I have succeeded, how exquisite is her joy! she even engages people to tell her what applauses I have gained.—She sings my verses untaught, and adapts them to her lute—she is not captivated by my youth, or beauty, but with

the lustre which attends my name; and these are the sentiments which become a woman instructed by your precepts, and formed by your hand."

This is a character which every female should be emulous of obtaining from her husband; and depraved must be the heart that could withhold affection and confidence from worth so exalted, and tenderness so refined. The heart of Pliny was sensibly alive to her virtues; he recorded them on every occasion, with all the powers of rhetoric and delicate effusions of tenderness.

ADDRESS TO THE RIVER WANDLE.

THE Wandle rises at Croydon, and, though no better than a little rivulet, may be said, comparatively speaking, to be as *great* a river as any in Europe. It empties itself into the Thames at Wandsworth, in Surrey; and, in the short distance of ten miles only, it turns no less than thirty-eight mills; these mills furnish employment to 1,700 persons; and the capital employed in them amounts to upwards of 500,000l. sterling.

"Oh, gentle rivulet! to whose sweet murmur I have so often united my melancholy thought; may no cruel hand ever stop thy benevolent stream! mayest thou ever flow in a bed of peace! Let proud Thames majestically swell beneath the golden weight of eastern riches! Let her foaming waves be triumphantly ploughed by Britain's victorious fleets! Thy gentle bosom, oh, sweet Wandle! only heaves at the breath of zephyr; only wafts the soft leaves that, from the enamoured bough, willingly drop into thy fair trilling wave. Beneath the shade of thy lovely banks no ravenous shark, no deceitful crocodile lurks! but there, in safety, the little bird warbles, the lamb feeds, and the infant plays! Oh, generous Wandle! thou art ennobled by the works of industry, by the tears of grateful indigence; thou art fair and good, like the dear and noble land on whose bosom thou flowest.

Croydon. N. FRAISINET.

THE BUSY BODY.

NO. I.

"Let your observation even of persons and their conduct, be chiefly designed in order to lead you to a better acquaintance with things, particularly with human nature; and to inform you what to *imitate* and what to *avoid*, rather than to furnish out matter for the evil passions of the mind, or the impertinencies of the tongue."

WATTS.

IT is with extreme diffidence that I take up my pen, to address the fair readers of our Monthly Miscellany, who have been during so many years edified by the ingenuous remarks and judicious counsel of a worthy Old Woman, Yet since her declining years, and consequent infirmities. have obliged her to relinquish an employment, for which she was undoubtedly far better qualified, I have the presumption to hope that I may, in some measure, contribute to the amusement and instruction of those who honour our pages with their attention. But, before I enter on a task so important, it is necessary for me to give a short, yet candid account, of my family, pretensions, and pursuits. Be it then rightly understood, that I am no ADVENTURER, being a person of independent property, and descended from a family long and justly celebrated for talents, taste, and erudition. On my father's side, I can boast affinity to the *Spectators* and *Observers*—and in the female line, can trace my pedigree from the *Tatlers, Ramblers, Loungers* and *Idlers*, down to the *Lookers On*. But as these last are a reserved set, who *think* more than they chuse to speak about; we have not been on very good terms for many years—in fact, the whole race have shamefully degenerated of late. The *Spectators* have become mere loungers, and, instead of observing men and manners with the laudable design of promulgating important truths, or instructive admonitions, they content themselves with common-place remarks on the extravagance of the times, or the whimsicalities of fashion, and quarrel about the dimensions of an opera dancer's ancle. The Tatlers are still a numerous tribe, but, as they are chiefly old maids, it is to be hoped the race will soon be extinct; for they are but idle gossips, no longer entertaining the town with interesting pages of political information, or satirical effusions of wit, which once delighted the public; but scribbling falsehoods for the

diurnal prints, and running from house to house collecting scandalous anecdotes, which they take care to make public, with every exaggeration which art and malice can devise. The *Guardians* too, are materially different from those of former days; they have long ceased to exert themselves for the public good, to dissipate the errors of the ignorant, and lead the wanderings of imagination into a proper course; they are now corrupt, mercenary, and negligent. The Ramblers are mere Bond Street beaux. The Idlers are box lobby loungers, and the critics who once corrected and regulated the taste of the town, are now reprobated as a terrible set, who delight in cruelty, rapine, and injustice. It is true, I have some enemies among them, yet, nevertheless, I will make a bold attempt, and set their malice at defiance. Nor will it be a difficult matter to elude their pursuit, for, Proteus like, I take every form, am every where, and know every thing—possessing powers similar to those of the celebrated Asmodeus, I descend from the garret to the kitchen, peep into every polite assembly, and collect anecdotes for the amusement of my friends, from sources which are inexhaustible. Not a billet deux can be written with secret ink, but I can discern the contents; nor a *half lettered* paragraph inserted in the newspapers, but I know *who is who* and *what is what*. If a fashionable couple have a matrimonial squabble, I generally know, better than themselves, what it is about, and how it will end: and if a young lady of fortune elopes from her friends, to join some pennyless lover, there is little doubt but that I, or some of my namesakes, have had a hand in it.

My income being in these times comparatively small, I imitate the laudable economy of the great, and keep but two servants, who are therefore obliged to do the work of many others; these, a male and female, are named Enquiry and Curiosity: and I can with truth acknowledge that they are never idle, for if I have not sufficient work for them, they take special care to employ each other. With these zealous and indefatigable assistants, I hope to present my fair readers with a variety of amusing subjects; and if I should sometimes, in animadverting on the foibles of their neighbours, chance unwarily to stumble on any particular weakness to which they may be liable, I trust they will not find the shaft of ridicule dipped in gall, but rather in such

emollient balsam as cannot fail to heal wherever it wounds. ..... I am interrupted—a letter—excuse me, ladies, I must read it—

"If the person who seemed last night so warmly interested in the cause of virtue and humanity, will call this evening at the ————, Islington, she may be the means of preserving innocence from persecution, and be an instrument in the hands of providence to do good on earth."

This is tickling the trout with a vengeance—who was ever praised for virtue, humanity, and so forth, but would exert himself to the utmost to deserve it? yet it is extraordinary—I am summoned to a house I know not—praised for an action I know nothing of, and solicited to interfere in an affair which may end—nobody knows how—yet am I to be discouraged by these inauspicious appearances?—Certainly not. "Oh, certainly not, madam," re-echoed my maiden, who, standing close to my elbow, had both peeped into my letter and overheard my soliloquy; "It would appear as if you was afraid of a conspiracy, or the bailiffs, or the free-masons, or —— but I hope you will not stop, madam, for I shall be quite in the fidgets till you come back."—"Thank you, my dear, your anxiety for my safety shall not be forgotten."—"Yes, ma'am, I shall be very anxious, for I long to know how it will turn out, and all about it." Shall I describe the sensation I experienced at this drawback on my vanity; believe me, ladies, it is exactly similar to the mortification you would feel were you to know, that while Susan, Betty, or any other favourite flattering Abigail, is particularly solicitous that the "brilliancy of her dear mistresses complexion may not be impaired by wearing that odious yellow bonnet," she is only anxious to appropriate it to her own use, that her sweetheart Thomas may declare, she becomes it better than her lady. For my own part, I felt my consequence reduced, and should, perhaps, feel sufficient resentment to induce me to alter my will, but for the seasonable recollection, that human nature is the same in all classes and descriptions of persons. Self gratification is too commonly our first object, after which more liberal sentiments find room: and this is the only habit of which neither time nor admonition can cure us. But the evening is approaching with rapid pace, I must repair to the place of rendezvous; that is, if

I can find it out: and should I be successful, neither my fair readers, nor my simple handmaid, shall remain long in the dark.

ANECDOTE OF DR. YOUNG.

DR. YOUNG was once on a party of pleasure with a few ladies, going up by water to Vauxhall, and he amused them with a tune on the German flute. Behind him several officers were also in a boat rowing for the same place, and soon came along-side the boat in which were the doctor and his party. The doctor, who was never conceited of his playing, put up his flute on their approach. One of the officers instantly asked why he ceased to play, or put up his flute. "For the same reason," said he, "that I took it out—to please myself." The son of Mars very peremptorily rejoined, that if he did not instantly take out his flute, and continue his music, he would throw him into the Thames. The doctor, in order to allay the fears of the ladies, pocketed the insult, and continued to play all the way up the river. During the evening, however, he observed the officer by himself in one of the walks, and, making up to him, said, with great coolness: "It was, sir, to avoid interrupting the harmony either of *my* company or yours, that I complied with your arrogant demand; but that you may be satisfied courage may be found under a black coat as well as under a red one, I expect that you will meet me to morrow morning at a certain place, without any second, the quarrel being entirely *entre nous*." The doctor further covenanted, that the affair should be decided by swords. To all these conditions the officer assented. The duellists met; but the moment the officer took the ground, the doctor pulled out a horse-pistol. "What!" said the officer, "do you intend to assassinate me?"—"No," replied the doctor; "but you shall instantly put up your sword and dance a minuet, otherwise you are a dead man." The officer began to bluster, but the doctor was resolute, and he was obliged to comply. "Now," said Young, "you forced me to play against my will, and I have made you dance against yours; we are therefore again on a level, and whatever other satisfaction you may require, I am ready to give it." The officer acknowledged his error, and the affair terminated in a lasting friendship.

THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELLER;
OR,
THE ADVENTURES OF A STAGE-COACH.

(Continued from page 190).

"DEATH, Sir, will release me from his persecution, I feel, in a short time; for since I have been in this abode of wretchedness, I have never had two hours sleep; my appetite is totally gone, and the anxiety of mind I have suffered, has brought on an internal complaint I was subject to an early period of life. Any misfortune that had fallen singly upon me, I could have borne with resignation; but, when I reflect upon having been the cause of misery to her whom I love far dearer than my own existence, the very thought of it actually almost drives me frantic?—We were united in opposition to the wishes of her father, who was anxious for her marrying an old gentleman of large fortune in the neighbourhood; and, to prevent the force which was threatened to induce her compliance, the adored girl threw herself into my arms; and from that fatal day her father has refused to see her, or give her the most trifling support. I still hope, however, when this body, which is hourly sinking to its original dust, can no longer share the kindness he might be inclined to display towards her, that he will again receive her under his parental roof."

As Mr. Lushington said this, he was prevented from proceeding, by the entrance of the object of his affection, followed by a woman, who waited upon the prisoners, with a tray, containing two plates of beef and ham, with a pot of porter.

"You have been weeping, my beloved!" exclaimed the anxious husband, in an affectionate tone of voice: "for Heaven's sake tell me, who, or what, has occasioned those tears?"

"Why you must know, Sir," replied the attendant, "Mrs. Lushington happened to see two coffins carrying through the yard, and the sight of them has quite overpowered her, as I may say; though, the Lord knows, it is

what we all must come to; but, for sure and for sartin, the fever that was brought into the prison, by that foreign count you must have heard of, has been very fatal within these two or three days; it has made fine work both for the doctors and undertakers; for a matter of seventeen have died."

Poor Lushington lived so totally secluded from his fellow prisoners, that he had neither heard of the foreign count, or the fever which he had brought into the gaol; and when the woman finished her account, he raised his expressive eyes to heaven, exclaiming, "Oh God! in mercy spare my beloved Anna's life!" then, seizing her by the hand, with a grasp of tenderness, "Promise me, my life," said he, "that you will not quit this room."—"What do you demand a week for waiting upon the prisoners, Mrs. Williams?" he enquired, taking a watch from his pocket, for the purpose of convincing her he had the power of paying her for the services she performed.

"Oh, that, Sir," replied Mrs. Williams, "depends upon what I does for them; if I cook's their victuals, goes of errands, and cleans their room, why then I has five shillings; but if I only goes of errands, I am contented with half a crown."

"The cooking and cleaning the room, is an occupation for me, "rejoined Mrs. Lushington; "and the going on my few errands was an amusement: but I will promise any thing you require, my dearest Henry, if it will set your heart at ease."

I took leave of this attached and unfortunate couple, with sensations difficult to be described; and, upon reaching the massive gate, enquired of the porter whether seventeen persons had recently died? indulging the hope, that the loquacious Mrs. Williams had exaggerated. The account, however, proved too true; and the porter informed me, that a committee was then assembled, for the purpose of adopting the most likely methods of stopping the contagion: "and last night," said he, "Sir, the governor assembled all the poorer prisoners into the committee room, and gave each a quarter of a pound of tobacco, with positive orders to smoak in their rooms."

From this scene of wretchedness I hastened to my soli-

citor, for the purpose of representing poor Lushington's situation. "This happens," said he, "peculiarly unfortunate, as I have been employed by Mr. Wilkinson; who represented the man, in whose fate you seem so warmly interested, as one of the greatest villains under the sun."—I simply explained our accidental meeting, and related the conversation which had passed in the stage coach; which Mr. D—— listened to with evident marks of astonishment; as it was in every respect different from the account he had received from his client. As no man could be employed for and against an individual, Mr. D—— recommended me to a particular friend in the Temple, who confirmed the opinion I had formed respecting Wilkinson's conduct, and allowed that he was liable to an action, for having sold the stock in trade and furniture without the usual form accompanying such a plan.

"Yet who, my dear Sir," enquired he, "is to defend, or support, the action? for poor Lushington, from your account, has not a guinea in the world."—"I will support it," I replied, "and money shall not be wanting to rescue innocence from the oppressive power of cruelty." Near a fortnight, however, I found must elapse before any thing could be effectually done to serve the ill-fated man, as term time was not completed until that period. I determined, therefore, to spend that time with Mr. Middleton, and know my future destiny; for, though I had felt the liveliest gratification at knowing I had essentially served Mrs. Montgomery, yet every moment passed from my adored Louisa appeared to me an age.

Having arranged all my plans for my journey, I dispatched a servant with a long letter to the Fleet; the purport of which was, to implore Lushington to keep up his spirits, and to give him the strongest hope of being soon released. The messenger returned in less time than I could have expected, bringing an apology from Mrs. Lushington for not writing; and informing me that poor Lushington, about an hour after my departure, had been taken alarmingly ill.

Though humanity demands exertion, yet it does not require us to run into danger; and the fate of the philanthropic Howard was too deeply impressed upon my mind, for

me to run any unnecessary hazard, at a moment when peculiar value was attached to my life; for that my adored Louisa felt no slight degree of interest in my welfare, did not admit of a doubt. I therefore implored a medical gentleman to visit Lushington, and inform me whether his disorder was of a contagious kind, or whether it was merely produced by those misfortunes he had been destined to sustain. I waited Mr. Nevinson's return from the prison with no small degree of solicitude, and flew towards the door of the hotel the moment I perceived his carriage drive up.—"Do not approach me," said he, in a loud accent, "until I know whether you have had the small pox; for your friend is now labouring under that disorder, but I have reason to think that he will have it favourably." Upon my assuring him that I had been inoculated, he descended from his chariot, and accompanying me to my apartment, informed me he had deviated from the truth in his account, not knowing that I had been inoculated, or had the complaint naturally; "but, as you request my candid opinion," said this celebrated apothecary, "I do not think the poor fellow will live; for his spirits are so depressed, and his pulse so very languid, that I fear the fever, which invariably attends that disorder, will become putrid."

Desirous as I was of seeing my Louisa, I could not reconcile the idea of quitting London, whilst the unfortunate Lushington remained in that precarious state; and, on the following day, determined to accompany my friend Nevinson. Upon reaching the prison, I found that poor Lushington had been removed into a remote apartment, purposely for those prisoners who were attacked with infectious complaints: in this room I found, from the nurse's conversation, the foreign count, whom Mrs. Williams had mentioned, had expired; and, though the air was purified by the joint effluvia arising from hot vinegar and tobacco, I could not help fancying putridity exhaled from the air. Mr. N. found his patient much worse than the day preceding, his senses were gone, never more to return; yet, in a state of delirium, he repeatedly called upon my name; and, at momentary periods of sanity, implored me to protect his beloved Anna.

To the honour of the keeper, or rather governor of the

prison (as he is usually denominated), every necessary attention was paid to the ill-fated Lushington; and, upon my offering to deposit a sum of money for the purpose of supplying him with comforts, he informed me, he took upon himself the superintendance of the sick ward.

In vain did I try to persuade the disconsolate Mrs. Lushington to quit her husband's apartment for a few hours every night, and avail herself of the keeper's humane proposal of sleeping in his house; but, as well might I have attempted to change the course of the wind. Having obtained the name of, and the direction to her father, I gave him a faithful account of her pitiable situation, with a complete detail of Wilkinson's inhuman conduct, in sending her ill fated husband to prison. I called upon him, by the tender name of father—I appealed to him by that humanity which is due from man to man—and from sacred writ selected those passages which convince us we must not hope for forgiveness, unless we unfeignedly forgive! This letter I dispatched by my aunt's coachman, whom, in a former part of my narrative, I informed my readers I had taken into my service; with positive orders that he should see Mrs. Lushington's father, and deliver the letter into his hands.

Whether the reproaches of conscience had smitten this hitherto unnatural parent, or whether the style of my letter had touched his feelings, I cannot pretend to determine; but, in less than twenty-fours after my addressing him, he arrived at Fladong's. He felt, or feigned, the utmost contrition, for the resentment he had displayed towards his unfortunate daughter; and implored me to accompany him to the dreary mansion, where her husband lay languishing. Readily did I comply with his solicitation, and, during our drive thither, explained the measures I had intended to pursue, had providence thought fit to preserve the existence of his ill-fated son in law. "To that villain Wilkinson, Sir," said he, "are you to ascribe my inflexibility; for he represented Mr. Lushington "as the most worthless of human beings; and even gave me reason to imagine he had destroyed every particle of filial affection in the breast of my unfortunate girl." The sudden stoppage of the coach prevented my companion from proceeding; when, having

taken the number, and ordered the driver to wait our pleasure, I rang at the gate, and instantly obtained admission, as my person had become familiar to the porter.

I had proceeded some few paces, conceiving Mr. —— followed me, but, turning my head, I perceived him resting against the iron rails. "You are ill, I fear, my good friend," I exclaimed, in a voice of sympathy.—"Ill enough, God knows, Sir," was the reply. "Oh, my hard heart!" continued he, striking his bosom with violence, "What a wretch must I appear in your eyes, to suffer my poor girl to enter a place which strikes me with horror, when I was enjoying all the comforts of life."

"This is not a moment, my good fellow, for indulging reflections of this kind; for you must arm yourself both with fortitude and resolution, and endeavour to support the drooping spirits of your child; whom you must expect to behold very much altered, yet the sight of you, I trust, will operate as a balm to her spirits." As I made this observation, I led him towards the apartments allotted to the governor, and, rapping at the door, was immediately ushered into a small parlour, one door of which opened into an apartment, from which I distinctly heard the humane keeper's voice. He joined us in the space of a minute, and, raising his hands, exclaimed, "It is all over! poor Lushington, about half an hour ago, was seized with a violent fit of coughing, which broke an abscess, that doubtless has long been forming; and my wife has just been assisting the servants in conveying the unfortunate widow into the next apartment.

"Oh, my poor dear Nancy!" exclaimed the too late repentant father, striking his forehead with an empassioned air, and moving towards the apartment in which he had been informed his daughter was; but having opened the door, and advanced a few paces, he started back, exclaiming, "Oh God, she is no more!" The exclamation, and tone of voice, so completely petrified my feelings, that for some moments I was unable to move; but, upon regaining my composure, and approaching the couch on which the ill-fated Anna lay stretched, apparently lifeless, I found the vital functions were not stopped; and in a short time afterwards she uttered a piercing groan.

"My Nancy lives! My Nancy lives!" exclaimed the enraptured father, rendered imprudently extatic by the sound of her voice; and, in spite of my attempt to stop him, he darted forward, and caught her in his arms, imploring her to open her eyes, and look upon him—declaring he should expire with grief, if she did not. Much as I dreaded the effect of this act of imprudence, it produced a contrary one to that which I feared; for that filial fondness, which this amiable young woman had ever felt towards her father, made the very sound of his voice operate as a charm; and, opening her languid eyes, she said, "Is it a vision? or do I really behold you, my dear, dear father?"

"It is your father, your truly sorrowing father, my ever dear Nancy, who is come to ask your forgiveness; and to say that he will try to make amends for the past."

"Amends! who can make me amends for the loss of an adored husband?" starting from the couch with an air of phrenzy, she exclaimed—then rushing into his arms, she dropped her head upon his shoulder, and sobbed out, "yet I know—I have long felt that I was to blame—but my punishment has been great; I have suffered severely for one act of disobedience—yet, had you but known half the worth of my beloved Henry, you would have pardoned my fault."

"Compose yourself, my dear Nancy," replied the father, whilst tears of tenderness and remorse rolled rapidly down his cheeks; "I should long, long ago, have forgiven you, but for that vile fellow Wilkinson; but that gentleman, (pointing to me) has proved a guardian angel to me; for to him do I owe the happiness which I now enjoy, in once more folding to my heart the only treasure of my existence: but Nancy, tell me, can you forgive your father?"—"Forgive you! Oh, my father! I ought to implore forgiveness, for disposing of my person without your consent; yet I was so ardently beloved, so tenderly treated, by my adored husband, that, amidst all our sufferings, I was comparatively a happy woman: but come, my father, you will accompany me, you will not refuse to give his lifeless form one parental kiss!"

There was a wildness in Anna's look, as she made this re-

quest to her father, which gave me reason to fear her intellects were disordered; and, taking her tenderly by the hand, whilst I endeavoured to dissuade her from visiting the departed, I found it actually burning with a violent fever.

As well might I have attempted to turn the course of the weather, as to divert her from the purpose she had formed; and, in compliance with her wishes, we accompanied her to the chamber of death; when, throwing herself upon the lifeless body, she uttered the most piercing shrieks; and, until nature was exhausted by the violence of its own suffering, all attempts to remove her proved vain.

The father of this hapless young woman had a particular friend in Newgate Street, to whose house she was conveyed in a state of insensibility; and, finding the poor man incapable of giving any directions respecting the funeral, I took that office upon myself; and on that evening had the body of poor Lushington removed to an undertaker's upon Snow Hill, and at the expiration of four days saw it interred decently, but without any parade.

[*To be continued.*]

POLITENESS.

SMALL matters win great commendation, because they are continually in use and note; whereas the occasion of any great virtue cometh but on festivals, and is (as Queen Isabella said)—like perpetual letters commendatory to have good forms. Not to use ceremonies at all, is to teach others not to use them again, and so diminish respect to one's self: especially they be not to be omitted to strangers, and formal natures; but the dwelling on them, and exalting them above the moon, is not only tedious, but doth diminish the faith and credit of him that speaks. Men had need beware how they be too perfect in compliments; for, be they never so sufficient otherwise, their enviers will be sure to give them that attribute, to the disadvantage of their greater virtues.

Men's behaviour, like their apparel, should be—not too straight or point device, but free for exercise or motion.

VERULAMIANA.

THE LITERARY SPY.

NO. IV.

MRS. LE NOIR.

WE are sorry that the titles of some pieces written by this lady have escaped our recollection, one of them, however, is a specimen of taste and elegance, which reflects the highest credit on the fair writer; "Village Anecdotes," is a tale which possesses infinite merit, and is interspersed with some beautiful poetry.

MRS. LEE.

After paying a just tribute of praise to that interesting and well written tale, the "Recess," we cannot but regret that any work, by the same author, should be liable to censure; which truth obliges us to assert is the case with her "Life of a Lover;" a novel in many respects objectionable, and in no instance equal either to that first mentioned, or to those charming "Canterbury Tales," which cannot fail to interest and amuse. The Life of a Lover is, without punning, a most wretched one; nor can we, with any propriety, recommend to our youthful readers a composition so exceptionable: illicit love is a very improper subject for a female pen—it derogates from the delicacy of the sex to animadvert on it in any way—how then must her talents be degraded, who dresses it in the alluring garb of sentiment, and attempts to palliate the crime, deeming it an involuntary impulse? Such sophistry is both despicable and dangerous; nor can any advantages of style and composition atone for the glaring immorality of such a production.

PIGAULT LE BRUN.

The principal attraction of this ingenious writer consists in a peculiar quaintness of style, and a happy facility of invention. He seems to have made Smollet and Sterne his models; and we must acknowledge, that in several of his

works the humour and pathos of those celebrated writers are happily blended. "My Uncle Thomas," is a spirited lampoon on the French revolution; which, though interspersed with some coarse jests, and oblique inuendos, is particularly amusing.—"Monsieur Botte," is a lively romance, in which the whimsicalities of human nature are ably depicted.—"The Barons of Felsheim," ranks higher than either of these, and interests the feelings, without injuring the delicacy of the most fastidious reader.—His last work, "Brick Bolding," possesses no extraordinary merit. The translator informs us, that the hero is intended to represent the Emperor of the French; but it requires a very ingenious head to find out the resemblance—so far, indeed, as an enterprising mischievous spirit can lead a man into perilous exploits, which are attended with most extraordinary success, Brick Bolding may personify Buonaparte—but here the parallel must rest.—"Papa Brick," is a continuation of the same story.

DR. MOORE.

From the frivolous effusions of the present day, we turn with respect and admiration to an author, who, while he thinks it not beneath his talents to write works of amusement, contrives to render them important lessons of morality. "Zelucco"—"Edward"—and "Mordaunt," are, in every respect, so far above the common run of novels, that it seems almost an insult to the author to call them such; these are productions which may be profitably perused by all classes of readers. The "Post Captain" is a humourous picture of a nautical life, in which some of the social affections are painted with a masterly hand; and though not altogether calculated for a female library, may be altogether more safe and instructive than those pernicious volumes which are composed by weak heads and corrupt hearts, however varnished over by plausibility.

DR. MAVOR.

This gentleman has long been indefatigable in his exertions for the improvement of youth. In his "British

Tourist" he has compiled, with care and skill, all that could contribute to the amusement or instruction of his readers.—His "Botanical Pocket-Book" is a work of great utility, and an acceptable assistant to those who have a taste for that delightful study.—Of his less voluminous works it is unnecessary to speak; they have been received with general approbation, and contain lessons of morality, both profitable and pleasing.

MRS. MEEKE.

This lady has written several entertaining novels, among which, "Abbey Clugny"—"Midnight Weddings," and "Lobenstein Village," are the most admired; they are constructed with ingenuity and taste, and are, in every respect, unexceptionable.

MRS. H. MORE.

While we bestow the meed of praise on those writers whose ingenious talents contribute to the amusement of the public, we must not omit to make a just distinction between those who merely entertain, and those who take a higher aim, and endeavour to form the mind, correct the errors, and improve the understanding, of the rising generation. To this important object have the labours of Mrs. More been directed, and if they have not been attended with the desired success, the failure cannot be want of ability, or energy, in the fair monitor. Her sacred dramas blend poetical beauty with the most pious sentiments—and her "Strictures on Education" may, without exception, be pronounced the best written work of the kind ever attempted.

MRS. OPIE.

With a chaste and correct taste, Mrs. Opie has produced some exquisitely pathetic Tales; and we are happy to assert, that the tears of sensibility cannot be drawn forth in a

better cause than that selected by Mrs. Opie, in her "Father and Daughter."—"Adeline Mowbray," is also a work of particular merit, written with a design to explode those dangerous tenets which have of late been promulgated with too general success; and calculated to prove that, however pure the sentiments of the heart may be, the established forms of religion are not to be despised, nor public opinion braved, without the most dreadful consequences. A volume of "Simple Tales," and some charming poetical pieces, have also been written by this lady, and are deserving of the highest encomiums.

MRS. PILKINGTON.

The works of this respectable writer are so numerous, that we can hardly afford sufficient room for a complete list; we will therefore content ourselves with enumerating a few of the most celebrated. "A Mirror for the Female Sex"—"Obedience Rewarded"—"Scripture Histories"—Tales of the Cottage"—Tales of the Hermitage"—Henry; or, The Foundling"—The Spoil'd Child," are all publications designed for the instruction of youth.—"Ellen, Heiress of the Castle," is a moral and interesting tale. In each of these we can trace the care of a tender mother, anxious to impress the minds of her youthful pupils with the most virtuous sentiments. In this laudable aim she has been most happily successful, and we trust she will long continue to meet that liberal encouragement from a discerning public, which has hitherto attended all her literary attempts. She has lately published "Biographical Memoirs of celebrated Female Characters, a work of great utility; and on such a cheap plan, that it will suit the convenience of any purchaser.

THE PRINCE AND THE MERCHANT.

A DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

MIRGEHAN,.....Prince of Ispahan.
COULOFFE, ...A Soldier of Fortune.
BONBEC, ...A wealthy Merchant.
USBEC CAN,.....Chief of Caracorum.
CADI.

GHULENDAM, ...The Prince's Favourite.
DALIRA, ...Daughter of Bonbec.
MULETTA, ...Dalira's Attendant.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

ISPAHAN.

The Prince's Apartments.

Mirgehan.—Slaves attending.

Mirgehan.—Let my brave deliverer be informed that I am impatient to embrace him; in the tumult of victory my gratitude was but imperfectly expressed. Mirza, be you the bearer of my desire to hold further converse with the valiant stranger—I wait his coming.—*(Exit Mirza)*. And now for a more painful interview; the fond Ghulendam will exult in my safe return, she will overwhelm me with the effusions of her tenderness, while I must plunge a dagger in her heart, by announcing to her my intention of espousing the fair daughter of the wealthy Bonbec. I dread the meeting, yet surely such an advantageous alliance must not be set aside by a weak woman's tears—no, no—but she comes!

Enter Ghulendam.—She advances eagerly towards him.

Ghulendam.—My prince! my love! my life! you are safe, and your Ghulendam's prayers have not been offered up in vain.—No more shall sorrow depress my heart;

my footsteps shall be light as those of the sportive doe; and the gladness of my soul shall burst forth in strains which were ever wont to delight my beloved master.

Mirgehan.—Yes, Ghulendam, your prince was snatched from the arms of death by an intrepid soldier, who, with almost supernatural strength and activity, felled to the earth the warrior, whose upraised arm menaced me with instant annihilation.

Ghulendam.—The merciful power of the great Allah inspired him, and nerved his arm.

Mirgehan.—Hark! do not you hear the shouts of the populace? how grateful to a sovereign's heart are these testimonials of a people's love! My gallant preserver approaches. Ghulendam, you may stay and thank him, in sweeter terms than the accents of a rough warrior.

Enter Couloffe.—The Prince advances eagerly to meet him.

Mirgehan.—Brave youth, how shall I prove my gratitude! believe me, it is not in words alone that I would evince my desire to reward thy valour.

Couloffe.—Most gracious prince, I have but done my duty; I trust there is not one among your highnesses subjects, who would not chearfully risk his own life to preserve that of a sovereign so deservedly beloved.

Mirgehan.—You flatter me; but I am, indeed, happy in the esteem of my people, and their welfare is nearest to my heart. Yet, you must experience more particular proofs of my regard; am I not right, young stranger, in my conjecture, that your birth entitles you to a superior rank in life to that in which I now behold you?

Couloffe.—My present obscurity is but the just consequence of my own imprudence; I once enjoyed affluence, and some degree of fame, but prosperity intoxicated me; I conferred favours on the unworthy; and, too late, perceived that I was the victim of my own vanity. I wasted the fortune bequeathed to me by my ancestors, in prodigality; my house was open indiscriminately to every one who professed friendship for me, and those were a numerous tribe while my wealth lasted: but no sooner did adversity stare me in the face, than these pretended friends left me, to lament my past credulity.

Mirgehan.—You have been ill used indeed; but experience is the best monitor, and you may now consider your misfortunes at an end; henceforward you have but to ask, and every wish of your heart shall be granted: at least, as far as it is in the power of Mirgehan to bestow.

Couloffe.—My prince, you overrate my trifling service; never shall you find me unworthy of your royal favour.

Mirgehan.—As the first proof of my confidence, I admit you into the presence of this beautiful female; it is the fair Ghulendam, whose charms can hardly have been exaggerated by report; she is silent, but her eyes speak the admiration with which she beholds you.

Ghulendam.—Were this young stranger hideous as the bird of night, he would have found favour in my eyes after an enterprise like this.

Couloffe.—Fairest creature! the tenderness of your sentiments makes you too partial: the humble Couloffe is, indeed, supremely blest, if, through the gracious Allah, he has been the means of preserving the happiness of the amiable Ghulendam.

Mirgehan.—Come, my friend, apartments are prepared for you within the seraglio; command what you please, my people will readily obey you; from the royal coffers you shall receive whatever sums may be necessary to establish you as becomes the favourite of the king.

Couloffe.—I cannot speak my gratitude. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Street.

Couloffe.—How capricious are the vicissitudes of fortune! yesterday the poor friendless Couloffe was a miserable wanderer, unknown, unpitied: to-day he revels in affluence, is looked up to with respect and admiration. Let this check the exultation of prosperity: the favour of princes is uncertain, and the setting of to-morrow's sun may again darken all my brilliant prospects—but who comes here?

Enter Muletta, followed by five Slaves.

Couloffe.—Ha! female slaves; this reminds me of the instructions of Mezrow: my establishment will not be com-

plete without this. Good mistress, can you spare to me some of these fair slaves?

Muletta. (Aside).—Does he take me for a dealer in human flesh!——Stranger, your question is impertinent.

Couloffe.—Nay, madam, be not displeased; my being a stranger should prove my excuse. I might, indeed, have perceived, by the superiority of your air, that you were no slave dealer.

Muletta. (Aside.)—The creature has sense and taste too, I find; and now I look again, he has an air of consequence: it must be he: I will try an experiment. Sir, I am not displeased: by your appearance, I conjecture that you are the gallant Couloffe, whose exploits are now in every mouth; and whose valour has preserved to the people of Ispahan their beloved sovereign.

Couloffe.—I am indeed Couloffe; too highly favoured by that generous prince.

Muletta.—I guessed it; well then, sir, since that is the case, I can refuse you nothing; though I do not in common practise the occupation of a slave-monger. Chuse the fairest of these, she shall be yours; but, now I think of it, I have one at home surpassing by far all these; attend me, sir, and when their several graces and talents are made known, we shall not cavil about the price.

Couloffe.—Madam, you do me honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*The Apartments of Dalira.*

Enter Muletta, followed by Couloffe and Slaves.—They are ushered in by an Eunuch, to whom she whispers.

Muletta.—Now, sir, seat yourself; and while you condescend to take some refreshment, these damsels will contribute to your diversion. [*Slaves dance and sing.*

Couloffe.—Enchanting! never did I behold such charms; my choice is bewildered amidst such exquisite beauty; but I think——

Muletta.—Suspend your judgment; here comes the slave I mentioned to you, as more worthy your notice.

Enter Dalira, elegantly dressed and veiled.

Couloffe. (Gazes on her with rapture).—She has, indeed, a form to captivate.

Muletta.—It is true; and, besides her personal attractions, she possesses every talent to charm the senses.

[*A dance by Dalira, in which she introduces the tamborine, castnet, and triangle.*

Muletta.—You seem delighted, sir; yet this is not all! her vocal powers will surprise you.

[*A beautiful air by Dalira.*

Couloffe. (Rising.)—Enough! it is not in nature to be more perfect; if I had principalities to purchase her with, she should be mine.]

[*Dalira claps her hands, and a magnificent collation is brought in by slaves.—Dalira takes a seat at the head of the table, and throwing back her veil, and unfolding her robe, discovers a magnificent dress.—Couloffe appears petrified.*

Couloffe.—I am lost in amazement; this scene is beyond my comprehension.

Muletta.—And well it may, amiable Couloffe; we have put a sorry trick upon you: this lady is no slave, but the daughter of a merchant; her wealth and beauty entitle her to universal homage. Knowing her curiosity to behold the gallant stranger, whose fame is now the theme of Ispahan, I used this stratagem to bring you here; the lady Dalira pardons my presumption, and you will, I hope, follow her example.

Couloffe.—Madam, the ravishing delight you have thus procured me, entitles you to my thanks; but the disappointment is so great!

Dalira.—Nay, pray be seated; we may find means to make amends for that disappointment.

Couloffe.—Impossible! I dare not presume.

Dalira.—True merit shines the more conspicuous through humility; but what do I say? alas! I must not encourage hopes which can never be realised.

Couloffe.—Lovely princess! I read compassion in your eyes; you know too well the sentiments you have inspired,

and your gentle nature revolts from the task of dooming me to irremediable despair.

Dalira.—Away with such gloomy prospects; let this evening be spent in social mirth. Tell me about the court, the prince, and his favourite, the beauteous Ghulendam.

Couloffe.—Beauteous and amiable, indeed she is; her love for Mirgehan is excessive; and much I lament the cruel fate that awaits her.

Dalira.—To what do you allude?

Couloffe.—His purposed marriage with the daughter of Bonbec; which has determined him to put away the lovely Ghulendam.

Dalira. (Sighing).—What a cruel determination! has he no fault to find with her?

Couloffe.—None; he declares she has ever been faithful and affectionate to him; and has moreover brought him one lovely infant.

Dalira.—Oh, heaven! it must be, I cannot countenance such injustice; his avaricious views shall not be gratified.

Couloffe.—What mean you?

Dalira.—No matter; yet leave me now, Couloffe, my mind is much agitated; at another time we will renew this subject; at present oblige me by retiring.

Couloffe.—Madam, I obey you, however unwillingly; but may I not know the name of her whose image will ever remain indelibly engraven on my heart?

Dalira.—It must not be! Nay, more, should you indiscreetly reveal to any one the conversation which has passed this evening, you see me no more.

Couloffe.—Sweet enchantress! I must obey.

[*Kisses her hand, and retires.*

SCENE.—*The Palace.*

Mirgehan, Ghulendam, and Child.

Ghulendam.—Quit the palace! Oh, my prince, I conjure you not to utter such a dreadful mandate. What has the unfortunate Ghulendam done to merit your displeasure?

Mirgehan.—Remonstrance will but increase my anger; know you not, Ghulendam, that love is not to be rekindled by reproach, which serves but to extinguish the expiring flame? Ghulendam, your tears affect me, but they cannot move me from my purpose; the Lady Dalira is to become my wife.

Ghulendam.—I know it well; but, oh, Mirgehan, doom me not to misery; let me still remain within the seraglio; no longer will I aspire to be your favourite, I will become the humblest of your slaves; cast me not from you, I ask no more: behold your infant, the beauteous image of her father: can he steel his heart against her? can he forget that he promised to be her protector through life?

Mirgehan.—I do not forget it; Ismene shall be provided for; but her mother must quit Ispahan.

Ghulendam.—Let me beseech you!

[*Kneeling, with her arms clasped round the child.*

Mirgehan.—Go, go! this is too much. I will consider of your request, and if it can be, you shall remain; but leave me now, Ghulendam.—*Embracing his child.*

[*Ghulendam retires.*

Enter Couloffe.

Mirgehan.—Welcome, my friend: your presence affords relief to the distraction of my mind; that woman's tears have subdued my soul.

Couloffe.—Do not doom her to despair, my prince; think how fond, how faithful she has been: you loved her once.

Mirgehan.—And I still love her: but Dalira must not have such a formidable rival in the seraglio: honour forbids it.

Couloffe.—Alas! and is this honour?

Mirgehan. (Sternly).—No more! on this subject I must forbid your speaking. How have you amused yourself?

Couloffe.—A most extraordinary adventure has attended me. Passing from the palace I met an aged woman, followed by five beautiful slaves: I accosted her, in the desire to purchase one; she evaded my enquiries, and invited me to her house, where, in the disguise of a slave, she intro-

duced to me a female lovely beyond description; my entertainer was a lady of noble birth.

Mirgehan.—Who was she?

Couloffe.—I know not; I am to repeat my visit to night, and hope to obtain complete information.

Mirgehan.—Some adventuress, no doubt; beware, Couloffe.

Couloffe.—It cannot be; innocence and integrity are stamped on every feature: if you could but behold her!

Mirgehan.—Introduce me.

Couloffe.—Impossible! her eternal displeasure would be the consequence.

Mirgehan.—A mere farce; trust to my penetration, I will discover the cheat. Nay, I must not be refused; I will adopt any disguise you please: attend you as an eunuch.

Couloffe.—Would I had never mentioned it! My prince, let me dissuade you from this purpose.

Mirgehan.—Couloffe, I shall take it much amiss if you refuse me.

Couloffe.—I know not how to determine.

Mirgehan.—Come, come, I read compliance in your features; fear not, I will be discreet. I will go and prepare myself. [*Exit.*

Couloffe.—How imprudent I have been! yet how could I foresee this unconquerable curiosity in the prince? Well, I must put the best possible face on the matter.

[*Walks about in agitation.*

Re-enter Mirgehan, disguised.

Mirgehan.—Come, Couloffe, I am all impatience; let us be gone.

Couloffe.—I dread the event; a secret presentiment of evil hangs on my spirits. [*Exit.*

SCENE.—*Apartments of Dalira.*

Dalira reposing on a Couch.

Dalira.—It is now the hour I appointed: Couloffe, I trust, will be punctual; yet what do I propose to myself in these interviews? the consequence must be terrible to both; it is too late to retreat from my engagements;

and should I inspire this youth with a sincere passion, how wretched must be our fate! yes, I feel that he is already dear to me, and should I close his days with sorrow, my life must be miserable.

Enter Muletta, with Couloffe and Mirgehan.

Dalira. (Angrily).---What do I see! an intruder? Couloffe, is this well done?

Couloffe.---Pardon me, amiable lady, this is but an humble slave, whose talents may contribute to your diversion; if his presence is displeasing to you, he shall retire.

Dalira.---If you can rely on his discretion, I am content.

Couloffe.---His fidelity and worth I have fully tried.

[*Dalira unveils.*

Mirgehan. (Starting).---Good heavens! it is Dalira! am I awake?

Dalira.---Your attendant seems transfixed with astonishment.

Couloffe.---It was once the fate of his master, lovely princess; are you ignorant of the power of your charms?

Dalira.---This effusion of gallantry is misplaced. What talents does your slave possess, that you thus admit him to your confidence?

Couloffe.---A mind above his situation; a ready wit, a correct taste, and a melodious voice.

Dalira.---I should be pleased with an exertion of his vocal abilities. [*Mirgehan sings an empassioned air.*

Dalira.---You have not over-rated his abilities; he shall be my cupbearer. [*Mirgehan attends her obsequiously.*

Muletta.---I should admire a specimen of his wit.

Couloffe.---Wit does not come at command, madam; or your wishes should be promptly obeyed.

Dalira.---That answer is like a herald, calling on the assailant to yield in time to a superior force, lest it should be overpowered.

Mirgehan.---No, princess; it is but like a spy sent to reconnoitre the strength of the enemy.

Dalira.---And what is the result?

Mirgehan. (Bowing).---That he finds the enemy, however weak in natural means of defence, strong in allies, and sure to conquer.

Dalira.---I am answered.

[*Mirgehan and Muletta talk apart.*

Dalira to Couloffe.---I have been pondering on the conversation that passed yesterday between us, and think it would be well if the prince would consent to your union with the fair Ghulendam.

Couloffe.---You banter me, madam.

[*The prince starts.*

Dalira. (Gaily.)---Nay, that blush betrays you; the warmth with which you last night spoke of her, convinces me that you have received marks of her favour.

Couloffe.---What shall I do! Dear madam, this raillery is ill-timed, indeed.

Dalira. (Laughing.)---Nonsense! you know you confessed yesterday that——

[*The prince advancing eagerly, and drawing a sword.*

Mirgehan.---Villain! traitor! What did you confess?

Dalira. (Rushing between them).---Hold! hold! for mercy's sake! Disarm the caitiff!

Mirgehan.---Who dares to touch me? Base Dalira, is this your obedience to a father's will? I am Mirgehan.

Dalira.---Protect me, heaven! I am betrayed.

Couloffe.---Wretched, imprudent man! what have I done?

Mirgehan.---The recollection of the service you have rendered me, on cool reflection, restrains my arm; but quit my presence, viper; let me no more behold an ingrate so abhorred.

Dalira.---Yet hear me, prince; by all the powers, I swear I spoke but in a silly jest.

Mirgehan.---I will hear no more; has he not injured me in every point? Let him quit my presence, while I have power to restrain my just indignation.

Dalira.---Prince, this unbridled fury renders you hateful in my sight. Dalira shall never be thine.

Mirgehan.---Thanks to the minion who has supplanted me in your regard; but for you, madam, means may be found to compel you to the performance of your engagement.

Dalira.---I scorn your threats.

Couloffe.---Oh, madam, forgive the wretch who has

caused you this unpleasant scene; forget the unworthy Couloffe. I will quit this place, and in retirement seek that happiness, which can never be found in the uncertain sunshine of a court. [*Exit.*

Dalira.—Follow him, Muletta, you know my pleasure. Was this worthy of the Prince Mirgehan, to steal disguised into my apartments? For shame, sir; recollect, that from this hour Dalira despises you.

Mirgehan.—Tis well, madam; you shall hear from me. [*Exit.*

Dalira.—Thus far my spirits has supported me; now let reflection take its turn. I have by my own indiscretion hurled a deserving young man from the height of splendor and royal favour to the extreme of misery: I owe him some atonement: all in my power I will offer; this heart is his, this hand shall ratify the gift. Couloffe, whatever may be thy destiny, the faithful Dalira, forgetting birth and rank, shall share it with thee. [*Exit.*

SCENE.—*The Apartment of Couloffe.*

Couloffe.—This night I am to quit Ispahan, once more an outcast; what a mutable destiny is mine! Whether shall I fly for refuge? When poverty first assailed me, I had but the loss of wealth to regret; now, Oh, Dalira! why did I ever yield my senses captive to thy charms?

Enter Dalira, disguised in Boy's Apparel.

Dalira.—My lord, I come an humble suppliant.

Couloffe.—What wouldst thou ask of me, boy?

Dalira.—A favour so great, that fear of a refusal chains my tongue.

Couloffe.—Alas! I have no longer the means to grant thy request, whatever it may be; the tide of fortune has turned against me, and I am now even more abject than thyself.

Dalira.—The boon I ask is still within thy power to grant.

Couloffe.—Is it thy liberty? thou art free.

Dalira.—Ah, no! that would afford me little pleasure; it is to share thy fortune, to be thy companion in exile.

Couloffe.---Faithful boy! I knew not that I had a slave so tenderly attached in all my household.

Dalira.---But did you doubt the affection of Dalira?

Couloffe.---Ah, that name, it has a charm: can I believe——

Dalira.---Yes, believe it; gaze on me, be assured it is Dalira; who will never forsake thee!

Couloffe.---Too generous woman! thy enthusiasm misleads thee: I cannot consent to it.

Dalira.---You love me not! Oh, Couloffe, this is no time for hesitation; Mirgehan will write to my father. I shall be compelled to become his wife, and in that case misery must be my lot; behold the alternative, we will fly together. At —— I have a brother: he is generous and good, he will protect us; and should my father consent to our union, what have we to fear? Nay, doubt not, I have yet a scheme in store to win him to compliance.

Couloffe.---Your persuasions over-rule my understanding; yet, Dalira, the temptation is too strong to be resisted.

Dalira.---Then let it be so; we will away at sunset. Muletta will accompany us; she is getting all in readiness; horses shall be provided: and the power which favours faithful lovers, will befriend us.

Couloffe.---Your words inspire me with hope. [*Exit.*

[*To be continued.*]

On the Inconvenience resulting from Indulgence of Children.

TO THE EDITOR,

ALLOW me to offer to the readers of your entertaining Museum a few observations on the subject of domestic maladministration, or, in plainer terms, "indulgence of children." It is a subject of some consequence; for though it may now, perhaps, merit only the denomination of *error*, it cannot be denied but that, if unchecked, the chances are great of its becoming the source of *vice*. This I cannot do in better terms than you will find in the following letter, which recently came to me from a friend in the country, on

a visit to an old acquaintance.—N. B. My friend is an old bachelor, but a very good fellow notwithstanding.

"MY DEAR FRANK,

"Just released from what some would call "the rural charms and domestic delights of a day spent in the country," I embrace, with real pleasure, the opportunity of writing to you. O, my friend, am I, in a single sheet of paper, to compress the adventures of my first day's penance? a volume would scarcely contain them, with all the annotations they so justly merit. You saw the letter that contained my invitation, and, of course, remember the terms of my visit —"to pass a week without ceremony, and participate in the enjoyment of family comfort;" to which was added, as a kind of *nota bene*, "a treat for a bachelor!" Such a treat, family comfort, rural charms, and domestic delights, surely never were bestowed on a more ungrateful being than your poor thankless friend.

"Mat Motherly, you know, was my schoolfellow; and, from a mild, unambitious tractable boy, grew up, (as might be expected) to a good natured, easy, inoffensive man. I had not seen him since we parted at school, until a chance-meeting renewed our acquaintance; and, after telling me, with much apparent satisfaction, that he had been a happy man for the last seven years (kindly explaining his meaning in a manner I should never have guessed, namely, that he had been *married* exactly that period of time), drew from me a promise to spend a few days at his cottage; which promise the letter you saw pressed me to fulfil. He told me that his wife was *every thing a country gentleman could desire*; being an excellent manager, and doatingly fond of her children. If this definition of the extent of a country gentleman's desires be correct, he told me truth. I arrived late at night, and was much fatigued; so, though I was well prepared with sweetmeats and sugarplums for the children, and many civil speeches in their praise to mama, I thanked my stars that the brats were in bed; shared my old schoolfellows accustomed pint of punch, and retired to my chamber. Having forgotten some business of consequence, which should have been planned prior to my quitting London, and observing, with much satisfaction, every requisite

for writing in the room, I rose with an intention to dispatch a letter by the earliest conveyance possible; but scarcely had I put pen to paper, when my ears were assailed by the rudest combination of sounds that ever issued from that den of discord called an ill-governed nursery. Divided only by a wainscot partition from this medley of noises, I could not help thinking that, among the miseries of human life, might be classed, with equal justice, to many already described, "attempting to write a letter on matters of importance, subject to the perpetual interruptions of a swarm of noisy animals, called spoiled children; over whom you dare not exert your authority, on pain of provoking the furious and lasting anger of their indulgent and affectionate mother."

"Having, with many false spellings, blots, and erasures, at length completed my letter, I opened my chamber-door, determined, though I had not yet received a summons to breakfast, to descend from this region of confusion, to which, ever since I awoke, I had been condemned; but my first step was so immediately impeded by a barricado of children's toys, that a retreat was in vain, I lost my balance, and fell headlong over them, to the great injury of a six-penny tin cart, and the greater injury of both my shins. The noise of my disaster called up Mrs. Motherly, who silently bestowed on me her arm, by the help of which, and the bannister, I contrived to hobble down stairs into the breakfast parlour, where my friend Mat was waiting for us. With his usual good-nature, he no sooner heard of my accident, than he ran to the closet for his brandy, which he said was excellent; but his more prudent dame begged me to wait until she fetched a little from above, which was *full good enough for bruises and sprains*, adding, as she brought it, that "it was every bit as strong as the other, and that the damage done to her dear child was only sixpence, which I might easily make good at a shop in the village." Groaning with agony, I begged a servant might immediately procure a new toy, and at the same time take my letter to the stage-coach office, giving strict orders for its hasty delivery. To this, the only answer I received was a something between a grumble and a mutter, in which the only word I could make out was "patience," as she quitted the room. She soon returned, when breakfast was brought in, and now I

was most agreeably surprised to see only my good host and his wife; I therefore consoled myself under the pain with which I still smarted, by the prospect of a comfortable breakfast, or, as we used to call it, when fellow-boarders, a pleasant *foundation* meal. I imagined that the custom of the country was to sit with the doors and windows open, so I made no observations on it, except by silently buttoning my coat; finding the climate most materially different from that of my snug counting-house in Throgmorton Street, where, as you know, I always breakfast with my feet comfortably resting on the fender, and my back gracefully reposing in my easy chair. The cause just mentioned prevented my hearing the entrance of the children, and the first intimation I had of their approach was at the instant I lifted my first cup of tea to my lips, when my coat-sleeve was arrested with so sudden a jerk, that the whole contents were overset, and, of course, made its way into every avenue it could, in its passage from my chin to my shoes. Expecting the condolence of my hostess at the accident, I was endeavouring to check the involuntary tear which had already started into my eye, from the pain I felt in various parts of my body, when, to my great surprize and vexation, (muttering something about "best china," and "aukward strangers,)" she first rescued the cup, tottering on my knee, which trembled with agony, and then kissing the little savage, under whose salutation I was suffering such torture, exclaimed, "Poor dear little Clara! it is a thousand mercies the child was not scalded."

"Little Clara was now followed by little John, little Joe, and little Sally, who were all desired to go up and say, "how do you?" *to the gentleman*;" but it was a gleam of comfort to me, to find they all obstinately declined that ceremony; indeed, John was too sulky at my having broken his cart, and Joe and Sally were too busily employed tearing paper into long slips, to attend to what even their *indulgent* mother desired. As they came nearer to the table, I stretched out my hand to one of the children, saying, in as familiar and soft a tone as I could assume, "will you shake hands? my pretty love!" To this the child made no reply, but thrusting something towards me which it held in its —— (I was going to say) infernal little mischievous

hand, desired me to throw it in the fire.——O Frank! it was the seal of the letter which I had risen so early to write, which I had written in such purgatory, and which I fondly hoped was on its way to London. Their affectionate mother had carelessly left it on a low table which stood in the passage, as a resting place for hats and great coats, from whence these young cubs had taken it, and had now torn it into twenty slips. My vexation at the event may be easily imagined; but I soon found that it was worse than in vain, as it called forth a lecture from the *dear children's tender* mother, on the virtues of patience, which concluded by remarking, that, as the state of my wounded shins and scalded legs prevented my enjoying the beauties of the country in a walk, I might have the next room *all to myself*, with *every thing that was necessary to write my letter again.* I was anxious to accept it, and made signs of moving, that I might write in time for the next coach, but was stopped by "Clara, my dear, repeat that beautiful little poem on Patience, which you have just learned;" adding, to me, "you must stay and hear her, you will be quite delighted; she can say it all by heart, except a few lines, and when she has repeated all she knows, she shall read the rest, for I have it in my pocket: it is called Aurelia and the Spider, but I call it '*Patience* and *Perseverance*,' which I am sure is a better title; there is some meaning in that."—"Begin, my love!" I faintly said, finding I was doomed to hear the child; which, my friend, I did, smarting under the accumulated torment of bodily pain and mental anxiety. At length it ceased, and, as I hobbled into the adjoining room, it felt like the release of a captive to liberty.

"Having finished my letter, in a room without a fire, I was not unwilling to incur the risk of meeting the *dear little ones*, for the sake of *unbenumbing* my chilled extremities. Into the parlour I hobbled, and scattering some comfits on the floor, set the children to work, and sat myself as near as I could to the enlivening blaze. A volume of Shakespeare on the mantle-piece was a temptation I could not withstand, and now I first began to enjoy myself since my departure from London. But, alas! my enjoyment was not of long duration; the comfits were soon nearly eaten, and then the scramble for the remainder was productive of

a repetition of the melody which saluted my ears in the morning. To obtain a transient release, I from time to time threw them a fresh supply; but their mother entering during this employment, was pleased to express much approbation at my attention, and insisted that they should severally come up to me, making a bow, or curtsy, and say, "thank you, Sir." Finding that she came to prepare them for dinner, and, consequently, finding it impossible to read, I threw down the book, and listened, much against my will, to an infinity of unmeaning prattle, while she adjusted their frocks, and combed their hair, which could only have been tolerable within its proper sphere: and I could not help reflecting on the misguided affection of parents, whose ill-timed fondness for their children leads them into errors in their management, which only serves to make others disgusted with them. "I was more than once inclined to say, "Go to a *nursery*—to a *nursery*, go."

"The children were, at length, sent up stairs to dine; and I was a little composed by the sight of a boiled leg of mutton and a couple of ducks. Mrs. Motherly having cut two or three handsome slices from the top dish, I begged her to desist, imagining she was going to help me; at which she could not refrain from laughing heartily, and affectionately observed, "it was for the dear little souls above," at the same time adding to the plate the greatest part of the gravy, and nearly half the vegetables. This process occupied no little time, and therefore a very small piece of *lukewarm boiled mutton* was quite sufficient for me; intending to make amends with the ducks, to which you know I am particularly partial. She now begged an exchange of dishes, and having very deliberately taken three wings, and the principal slices from each breast, with (as before) the greater portion of gravy, she sent them up also to the nursery, placed the remaining wing on her own plate, and helped me and her husband each to a leg; calling to the servant to "bring again all that the dear little ones could not eat." This command was most punctually attended to, for she returned with nearly half of each supply in the same plate; though that was of little importance to the mother, as she soon replaced the fragments in the respective dishes from which they were originally taken; saying, as she proceeded, "the little stomachs of my poor dears, I suppose, were

cloyed by those filthy sugarplums;" adding, "it was really very unthinking of you, sir, to produce them so soon before dinner." My friend Mat looked at me, and I at him, and then both of us at her; and I saw, by her countenance, that it was most safe, and consequently most prudent, to be silent.

"My paper draws near a close, so "brief let me be." —The children appeared again after dinner, and each came to me for some wine; for my treatment of them in the morning had raised me to the distinction of a favourite. I trembled with fear of encountering their mother's displeasure: but, alas! my trembling only served to shake the glass, and a fit of coughing was the consequence to three of them; the fourth she pulled from me, with a "you are not used to children I see, sir."

"A friend came in after tea, who obligingly made one in a rubber at whist, which was strongly contested against us, by Mat and his wife, until we were game and game, and they eight to nine—at that moment in came the children to wish papa and mama good night; and, after a penance of kisses from dirty-nosed brats, reluctantly preparing for bed, they were allowed to stay in the room till mama had played the hand. The interruption prevented them from calling honours, all of which they had between them; but, by our good playing cards, and *no small portion of good play*, we gained the odd trick, and of course the rubber.

"To describe the confusion that ensued, would require another sheet; you must therefore imagine, if you can, the vexation with which my friend Motherly and his wife looked at each other; they would probably have spoken, but a unanimous roar of the children prevented that of which I sat in dread—namely, a matrimonial dispute on mutual imperfections at cards.

"Believe me most truly yours,

"S. R. S.

"P. S. Mat's eldest daughter is expected to-morrow: her mother says her performance on the *piany* is delightful. If any thing occurs worth mentioning, before I leave this place, I will write again; it will amuse me."

Unwilling to encroach too far on your limits in one number, I respectfully submit the above to your attention. If

my friend writes again, I will transmit you the letter, probably accompanied with a few additional strictures, on what I think a subject of no small importance.

With the best wishes for a continuance of that success you so justly experience,

I remain your obedient servant,

FRANK FAIRPLAY.

Rules for Observation, and the Acquisition of Knowledge.

1. "LET the enlargement of your knowledge be one constant view and design in life; since there is no time or place, no transactions, occurrences, or engagements, which exclude us from this method of improving the mind. When we are alone, even in darkness and silence, we may converse with our hearts, observe the workings of our own spirits, and reflect on the inward motions of our passions, in some of the latest occurrences in life; we may acquaint ourselves with the powers and properties, the tendencies, and inclinations, both of body and spirit, and gain more intimate knowledge of ourselves. When we are in company we may discover something more of human nature, of human passions and follies, and of human affairs, vices and virtues, by conversing with mankind, and observing their conduct. Nor is there any thing more valuable than the knowledge of ourselves and the knowledge of men, except it be the knowledge of God, who made us, and our relation to him as our Governor.

2. "When we are in the house, or the city, wheresoever we turn our eyes, we see the works of men; when we are abroad in the country, we behold more of the works of God. The skies and the ground, above and beneath us, and the animal and vegetable world round about us, may entertain our observation with a thousand varieties. Endeavour, therefore, to derive some instruction or improvement of the mind, from every thing which you see or hear; from every thing which occurs in human life; from every thing within you, or without you.

3. "Fetch down knowledge from the clouds, the stars, the sun, the moon, and the revolutions of all the planets. Dig and draw up some valuable meditations from the depths of the earth, and search them through the vast oceans of

water. Extract some intellectual improvement from the minerals and metals; from the wonders of nature among the vegetables and herbs, trees and flowers. Learn some lessons from the birds and the beasts, and the meanest insect. Read the wisdom of God, in his admirable contrivance of them all: read his almighty power, his rich and various goodness, in all the works of his hands.

4. "From the day and night, the hours, and the flying minutes, learn a wise improvement of time, and be watchful to seize every opportunity to increase your knowledge.

5. "From the vicissitudes and revolutions of nations and families, and from the various occurrences of the world, learn the instability of human affairs—the uncertainty of life—the certainty of death: from a coffin and a funeral, learn to meditate on your own departure.

6. "From the vices and follies of others, observe what is hateful in them: consider how such a practice looks in them, and remember, that it looks as ill, or worse, in yourself. From the virtues of others, learn something worthy your imitation.

7. "From the deformity, the distress, or the calamity, of others, learn thankfulness to God, who has formed you in a better mould, and guarded you from those evils. Learn also the sacred lesson of contentment in your own estate, and compassion to your neighbour under his miseries.

8. "From your natural powers, sensations, judgment, memory, hands, feet, &c. make this inference—that they were not given you for nothing, but for some useful employment, to the honour of your Maker, and for the good of your fellow-creatures, as well as for your own best interests and final happiness.

9. "From the sorrows, the pains, the sicknesses and sufferings that attend you, learn the evil of sin, and the imperfections of your present state. From your own sins and follies, learn the patience of God toward you, and the practice of humility toward God and man.

"Thus, from every appearance in nature, and from every occurrence of life, you may derive natural, moral, and religious observations, to entertain your mind—as well as rules of conduct in the affairs of this life, and that which is to come."

WATTS, *on the Improvement of the Mind.*

DEBATES FOR THE LADIES.

QUERY.—Which is the greatest evil in marriage—Love without Money, or Money without Love?

MR. PLACID.

COULD we, by our discussion of the present question, obviate the inconveniences, or miseries, to which many expose themselves by a hasty and imprudent marriage, we should be rendering society a material service; but, in argumentative reasoning, we labour under the disadvantage of having our sincerity called in question; consequently, the warmth with which we defend a position is ascribed to an intemperate spirit of contradiction, and the examples produced to support the truth of what we assert, are looked on as mere fictions, to mislead the judgment and divert the imagination. It is this conviction which, in general, deters me from taking any part in the evening's debate; on the present occasion, however, I cannot preserve my accustomed neutrality, as, in my idea, the question implicates an unusual degree of interest.—Romantic minds may form to themselves many illusive pictures of happiness, independent of wealth, or even competence; but, in too many instances, these prospects vanish from before the eye, and leave a dreary wilderness of misery, wherein repose, or comfort, are never to be found. Transient, indeed, is the reign of passion—the fairest object, when grown familiar to the eye, loses the power of attraction—the garb of want possesses no allurements—penury chills the warm glow of affection, and reproach too often adds its corroding poison to embitter the cup of affliction, and render the unpalatable draught more fatally destructive.

MR. MEANWELL.

The reasoning of our friend Placid, though forcible, is not convincing; he argues more from sentiment than nature, and must have been a stranger to such scenes as I have witnessed. Want, it is true, is a me-

lancholy inmate, but it is not always accompanied by vice; and conjugal fidelity is generally found to triumph, where wealth affords no opportunity nor incitement to those dangerous pleasures, which mislead the imagination and corrupt the heart. The man who, disregarding the claims of affection and generosity, unites his destiny with that of a woman, whose person may be disgusting to him, and whose manners and pursuits are widely different from his own, but who has money sufficient to gratify his avarice and her own extravagance, neither deserves, nor can expect to find, the married state a state of comfort. They pursue different roads to ruin—meet but to insult and revile each other, and mutual infidelity brings shame and destruction on their heads. Where reciprocal esteem and respect is wanting, happiness can never dwell; riches may procure the means of enjoyment, but can never buy consolation for the wounds of a guilty conscience. Even children, which, under other circumstances, bring comforts with care, are, to a pair united in mercenary bonds, but sources of inconvenience and perpetual strife; neglected by one parent, and, perhaps, disowned by the other, what must be their fate; or what reflecting mind can dwell on such an idea, without pronouncing this state of splendid misery to be infinitely more wretched and disgusting than all the evils attendant on virtuous poverty?

MR. YOUNGHUSBAND.

Though acquiescing in every particular with the gentleman who spoke last, I will nevertheless presume to view the subject in another light, and point out the inconveniences to which those are subjected, who, overlooking the necessary precautions of prudence, marry without the present means of support. In this case, the stronger their attachment to the chosen object, the more is the evil augmented; too generous to let each other know the feelings which prey on their spirits, they suffer in silence; each deprives themselves of some gratification to procure it for the other; in my opinion, under such circumstances, the loss of affection would not be so great an evil as is frequently imagined—but, in virtuous minds, hardships, sickness, or want, draw closer the ties which secure their hearts together, and makes

every pang of affliction be felt with double poignancy. To behold the woman we adore subjected to inconveniences, compelled to contribute her share of daily labour for their mutual support, must be a distressing trial to a heart of sensibility. To behold a lovely offspring rising round them, without means of support or education, must be a heart-rending scene to a tender mother; and to a father, whose pride and hopes rest on these endeared objects, it is agony indescribable. To experience the sneer of contumely, directed against her whom his soul adores—to witness the innumerable little wants of his children, without the power of gratifying them, are present evils which he has to encounter —while a dreadful apprehension of their fate, should he be snatched away, leaving them helpless and unprotected, hovers over his spirits, and makes him, in the bitterness of anguish, regret the day when, under the influence of a delusive passion, he became a husband.

CAPTAIN RATTLE.

Heaven defend us! what a miserable picture the man has drawn.—Hans Holben's dance of death is nothing to it—a wife without money! that is a bitter pill indeed.—Such scenes as he has painted are enough to check every impulse of tender sentiment, and make us mercenary wretches, who would be liberal minded men—a wife languid, sick, and slovenly—children noisy, ragged, and hungry—husband out of his wits, out at his elbows, and out of every thing but debt!—Oh! the very prospect makes me shudder. Matrimonial infelicity may be borne when there are other sources of comfort; but nothing on earth, I am convinced, can equal the misery which he has so energetically and so justly described.

MR. CAVIL.

I am sorry to hear our friend Rattle adopt, without reflection, sentiments so erroneous. It is true that, to a certain description of persons, the deprivation of wealth is the deprivation of happiness; but, to a well cultivated mind, it is far otherwise. Many comforts are to be found even in poverty—where prodigality and indolence have not sapped

the foundation of contentment. It is necessary for me to observe, that, in speaking of poverty, I do not mean the most abject state of indigence—but that humble station which requires the aid of industry to support its equilibrium. "Heaven has moulded us to every variety of situation; and when the wishes of man are bounded by his wants, there are few situations which can exclude pleasure; when they are not, no condition can banish pain." These are the words of a sensible author, and are applicable to my argument. When the dearest affections of the heart are indulged in the possession of the desired object, ungrateful must be that heart, if it turns that blessing into a curse, and wastes its noblest energies in fruitless murmurings or envious desires—mutual exertions sweeten the dull monotony of life—reciprocal endearment is the result of reciprocal endeavour. To the industrious poor a thousand trifles afford pleasure and recreation, of which the rich can form no idea. If any one has witnessed a scene similar to that so beautifully described by Mr. Pratt, in his Gleanings, his heart will readily subscribe to what I have advanced. The cheerful serenity of that indigent family is no fiction; but it requires a mind of sensibility, and a heart uncorrupted by pride and luxury, to behold it with emotions similar to his. Let us not, however, rashly conclude that the wild suggestions of a romantic imagination are to be implicitly obeyed. The love which can subsist, unimpaired, amidst the storms of life, must be founded on a more firm basis than mere fancy—it must be corrected by reason, refined by delicacy, and exalted by purity of heart and dignity of mind. To such as these, a bare competence will be sufficient—but to others, cast in a more common mould, I would recommend a cautious adherence to the dictates of prudence.

The rest of the company agreed with the opinion of Mr. Cavil; and the question was put for the next meeting, viz.

"What accomplishment is of most utility to a female?"

THE SISTERS OF ROSE DALE;

OR,

MODERN ADOPTION.

(Continued from page 196.)

WHEN young Meadows arrived in town, he hastened to Portman Square, where he sent in his name, and was instantly admitted to Lady Fitzgerald. Meadows then, after some apologies for the unpleasantness of his interference, begged her ladyship to impart to him with confidential frankness the real situation of the unfortunate Matilda, expressing also, in the warmth of his zeal, his determined vengeance against her seducer. Lady Fitzgerald seemed greatly agitated, and when he ceased to speak she took his hand, and said calmly, but in a tone of extreme dejection—"Your resentment," my dear sir, "however just, against the offender, is unavailing; he is at present beyond your reach; and even were he on the spot, I doubt whether either our will or power would extend to his injury. "I do not comprehend you, madam," said William. "Perhaps not," she replied, "it is a subject on which I cannot be more explicit at present; all I can venture to tell you now is, that my husband, Lord Fitzgerald, is the aggressor. Meadows started—"Is it possible?" he exclaimed, "Can the earth contain such a depraved wretch!" "It is but too true," returned Lady Fitzgerald, sighing.—"It was my fate to be united very early in life to a man of the most libertine principles. The attractions of Lord Fitzgerald dazzled my youthful fancy, and I gave him my hand before I knew any thing of his real character.—But the mask of affection was laid aside soon after our marriage; his irregularities produced perpetual uneasiness, which by degrees paved the way to a separation, agonizing to my feelings, and in some degree injurious to my reputation. But time subdued the keenness of my first affliction, till this fresh insult has again opened the wounds which time had almost closed.—I feel that I shall not long survive this shock; and I beg you o believe

that it is not the smallest of my regrets that I have unknowingly been the means of heaping distress on those whom I meant to serve, Meadows requested to be informed of the particulars. Lady Fitzgerald then explained to him every circumstance, as has been already related. "I attach considerable blame to myself," said she, "that I was so inattentive to what was passing under my own roof. Those who have the care of youth cannot be too vigilant; every moment that they pass out of our sight may be a moment of peril to themselves. The vile Maitland, who was in fact the despicable tool of my lord's licentiousness, accompanied them abroad.—What will be the fate of the wretched deluded girl I know not; but I dread it will be similar to that of several others, who have like her forgotten their duty, or listened only to the dictates of ambition." "But is it to be supposed, that Matilda knew his lordship to be a married man?" enquired Meadows, with a countenance expressive of horror. "It is the only extenuation of her fault to say that she did not," replied Lady Fitzgerald, "and if she has any remains of honour or sensibility, deep and lasting must be her anguish when she discovers the truth to the destruction of all her hopes.—Little also is to be expected from the generosity or principles of Lord Fitzgerald." Meadows quitted Lady Fitzgerald with depressed spirits, and reflections of a most melancholy cast: he dreaded to return with the afflicting intelligence of this aggravated misfortune, and deeply lamented the weakness of Mrs. Dawson in suffering her daughter to quit her own protection for that of a stranger, for any consideration of future aggrandizement. "Never," he exclaimed, "shall my children quit the maternal bosom to move in a more elevated sphere—honesty, temperance, and frugality shall be their accomplishments; nor shall they exchange our humble comforts for all the splendour which can be procured through the dangerous means of modern adoption.

With thoughts such as these was he occupied, when he reached the cottage on his return—all around was gloomy and silent—he lifted the well known latch and entered—but what a distressing scene did he encounter—his amiable and beloved Fanny was kneeling by the side of her mother's corpse, her hand clasped the icy fingers of that parent,

who could no longer press it with affection; and her cheek, scarcely less pallid than that over which death had cast its ghastly hue, rested on the same pillow. She started up at his entrance, recognized her beloved William, and fainted in his arms. Never does the faithful heart feel so strongly attached as in the moment of affliction; every other tie on earth seems severed; and, in that moment, when William beheld her resting in his arms, as her only place of refuge in this life, he clasped her closer to his breast, and vowed that no power should separate them from each other.

His tender assurances calmed the agitation of the unhappy Fanny, and served to prepare her for the afflicting intelligence, of which he was the unwilling messenger.—"Thank heaven!" ejaculated Fanny, "That my dear mother was spared this pang.—Wretched, wretched Matilda, is this your return for a parent's too tender indulgence—poor and friendless as I am, I would not exchange situations with you, for all the world contains."—"Poor and friendless, Fanny!" repeated Meadows. "Poor in worldly goods we may be; but we are still rich in mind, and possessed of unsullied consciences—nor can my Fanny ever want a friend, while she has a faithful husband to assist and protect her."—"I beg your pardon," said Fanny, smiling tenderly on him, "but for you I should be so."—"Even then you would be the care of heaven," returned Meadows; "nor would the benignant power that rules there abandon innocence and virtue." Such were the conversations which frequently passed between Fanny and William, previous to the interment of Mrs. Dawson; on her side tenderness and hope—on his confidence and love.

[*To be continued.*]

CHINESE PROVERBS.

A *great* talker never wants enemies.—The man of sense speaks little, and hears much.

Do not entertain a man who has just received a disappointment, with an account of your own success.

In *company*, set a guard upon your tongue—and in *solitude*, upon your heart.

The most ignorant have knowledge enough to discern the faults of *others*.

The most clear sighted " are blind to their *own*."

When a man says, " let me wait a little, when I have something to spare, I will relieve the poor." This man will *never* relieve the poor.

General Observations on the Fashions.

VERY little alteration is observable since the last month. Pelisses still continue to be worn; the most elegant are embroidered round with chenille.—Dresses of light sarsenet, worked in the same manner, are very fashionable.—Dress bonnets are made to correspond.

Several new and beautiful patterns of lace have been lately introduced; they are chiefly formed in scollop shells, or rose-leaf vandykes.—Some curious imitations in tambour, on net, are worked, which have a light and elegant effect.

The prevailing spring colours are yellow, green, and pale pink.

Parisian necklaces, of oblong pebbles, are worn.

Cabinet of Fashion.

WITH THREE ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

FULL DRESS.—Dress of fine muslin, elegantly worked down the front and round the bottom, and trimmed with pea-green ribbon.—Hair fashionably dressed.—White shoes and buff gloves.

WALKING DRESS.—Short dress of muslin, with lace trimming.—Shawl of lilac silk, and bonnet of the same colour, with a fancy flower in front.

FULL DRESS. WALKING DRESS.

Published by Verner Hood & Sharpe, Poultry May 1808.

BRITISH MUSEUM
1d
48
SEP

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE HAPPY HOURS OF LOVE.

WHEN sympathetic souls unite,
And fond esteem the bond cements,
Each moment teems with new delight,
And every tender joy augments.

When mutual acts of kindness spring
Spontaneous from the generous heart,
No greater bliss can fortune bring,
No purer joy can love impart.

Such heart-felt bliss of late was mine,
And gaily pass'd the hours of youth;
Affection did our hearts entwine,
When William plighted me his truth.

Though other maids were far more fair,
And sought to win him from my arms;
No tempting beauty could ensnare
My constant William with her charms.

For me alone he tun'd the lay,
Which sweetly charm'd the list'ning ear;
With me, unwearied, would he stray,
And with gay smiles my spirits cheer.

If absence gave a transient pain,
More kind at each return he'd prove:
What maid could boast a fonder swain?
These were the happy hours of love!

With minds unvex'd by care or strife,
We pass'd the social hours away;
And journey'd hand in hand through life,
In fondest hopes serenely gay.

But, ah! how sad the dire reverse,
My faithful William is no more;
In vain lost pleasures I rehearse,
The happy hours of love are o'er.

E. F.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

IN ANSWER TO MR. G——.

(*See page* 214.)

VAIN is thy boast, thy threats are vain,
Alike I treat them with disdain,
Thy heart I know is mine.
Yet I will bend that stubborn soul,
And each impetuous wish controul,
Ere I this hand resign.

Think not submissive I will creep,
Or nightly on my pillow weep;
To gratify thy pride.
For 'tis the aim of tyrant man,
To rule despotic where he can,
And then our pains deride.

And if weak woman once gives way
To passion's wild ungovern'd sway,
Alas! her fall is sure;
With pleasure's rose she plucks a thorn;
For soon, too soon, contempt and scorn,
From him she must endure.

Then cease to taunt, to chide, or vex,
Nor let a jealous pang perplex;
Such arts you should not use.
Nor think I love you less, because
I still respect decorum's laws,
And *all* you ask refuse.

Let honour guide your head and heart,
Ne'er from the paths of truth depart,
And I may yet be thine;
Then will I prove a faithful wife,
And make, contentedly, through life,
Thy will and *pleasure* mine.

ELIZA.

SONNET TO EVENING.

RISING majestical on high,
See the bright queen of evening sail;
Gilding the ever varying sky,
With borrowed lustre, chill and pale.
And hark, a sound near yonder fane,
Falls softly on the list'ning ear;
'Tis Philomel's enchanting strain,
Rising melodious, full and clear.
Now, wrapt in contemplation's guise,
See pensive sorrow steal alone,
With folded arms, and downcast eyes,
The stings of falsehood to bemoan.
And at this softly soothing hour,
Friendship, I own thy gentle power.

PATIENCE.

TO EMILY.

SOFT from your eye sweet pity steals,
For every child of grief,
And yet, when I your aid implore,
A frown denies relief.

The silver tones of comfort flow
Harmonious in your voice;
And yet, it is your lips forbid,
Poor Cleveland to rejoice.

But if in vain that heavenly smile
My life's last sigh should crave,
At least bestow an angel's tear,
To glisten on my grave.

L'AMOUR RESTE.

YES, I can feel, and keenly feel,
The pangs of slighted love;
Yet never shall my tongue reveal
The anguish that I prove.

Grateful for what I once possess'd,
My constant heart shall be;
And all the love within my breast,
Be sacred still to thee.

And when no more by grief opprest,
The grave shall shelter me;
Ev'n then, if aught can break my rest,
'Twill be a sigh for thee.

MERCY

WHAT IS LOVE?

YOUNG HENRY was an artless boy,
Unknown to censure as to praise—
But fate soon taught him to enjoy
With double bliss his holydays:
The daughter of a neighb'ring squire
His heart, unconsciously, had mov'd;
And, as he talk'd with Rose Sophia,
He lov'd, or fancied that he lov'd.

And sure 'twas love, that wing'd its flight,
Above light fancy's wild pretence—
Tho' 'twas her beauty struck his sight,
The flame was nourish'd by her sense;
But oft he marvell'd what could so,
With pleasing pow'r, his bosom move:
"I've heard," says he, "that love is woe.
"If so, this surely can't be love?"

At length the cruel moment came,
When he must leave, for London's towers
And Thame's grandeur-wooing stream,
Dear Leisville, unpresuming bowers.
"Alas," says he, "and must I go?
(With sighs his bosom struggling strove)
"I'd heard before that love was woe,
"And now I find that this is love!"

SONNET.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

AH! little Anzfuga, how calm thy breast,
No thought of love disturbs thy peaceful rest;
Oh! when you view the wide expanse of sea,
Perpetually disturbed, then think on me.
Recal poor Himraz to your mind, and still
Imagine him a prey to every ill;
Think how a tide of restless hopes, and fears,
Tumultuous heaves his breast, and bathes his cheek with tears.

H. D. W.

THE WINTER OF THE MIND.

SAY no more that Julia loves;
Break at once this injur'd heart;
If your bosom pity moves,
Mournful truths impart.
O'er my frame I feel a gloom,
Cold and heavy as the tomb,
Where no glad sound
Is heard around,
No flow'rets bloom.

Keenly blows the stormy air,
Night approaches, drear and dark:
Falling leaves and branches bare,
The wintry season mark.
Let the transient tempest roar,
Nature her lost charms deplore,
The flow'rs shall spring,
The birds shall sing,
When winter's o'er.

Sad and lonely I will rove,
Scenes of kindred woe to find;
I'm forlorn with hopeless love,
The Winter of the Mind.
All the joys of life are fled,
Hope's young blossoms all are shed,
The peace I mourn,
Shall ne'er return,
'Till I lie dead.

ENIGMA.

WITH eyes above and eyes below,
Our Maker did design us;
With eyes on every side also,
Before us and behind us.

We oft are with the low and mean,
But chiefly with polite men;
And full as often are we seen
With black men, as with white men.

We are not made of lead, or brass,
Tin, copper, silver, gold, ma'am,
Of steel, of stone, of wood, or glass:
So pray our names unfold, ma'am.

MARAZION. M. P. M.

CHARADES.

1.

MY first is an emblem of purity,
My second the means of security;
My whole is a name,
Which, if mine were the same,
I should blush to hand down to futurity.

A. Z.

2.

Thro' female pride and fashions sway,
My *first* does often smart;
My *next*, rejected by the gay,
Adorns the graver part;
My *whole* excites the skilful gardener's hate,
And oft by him I meet untimely fate.

C. D.

SOLUTIONS

OF THE FIRST AND SECOND CHARADES IN OUR LAST.

1.

A Lawyer is famous for making a *plea*,
For, of all trades, their trade is most teasing,
But to hear Braham *sing* is a pleasure to me,
Though Beauty is ever more *pleasing!*

2.

A *Hammer* is us'd by a *Smith*, said a poet;
Stern iron, so stubborn, to soften;
You'll say I'm laconic—you need not—I know it,
I've been told so at *Hammersmith* often.

BRIDGET.

SOLUTION

OF THE THIRD CHARADE IN OUR LAST.

Oh! what a varied scene is human *Life!*
Oft fill'd with joy, but oft'ner far with strife!
Now pallid envy rears her crested snakes,
And e'en the shadow of contentment breaks!
Whilst vice and crime are ever hov'ring round,
To drive fair virtue from her long-held ground.
Life may be call'd a sea, where all men float,
Their emblem apt, a fragile, crazy *boat;*
Here, as on other seas, before the gale,
The vessel speeds with loosely flowing sail;
But in the sea of life rude rocks appear,
And storms arise to shake the soul with fear;
These, when the pilot steers with equal hand,
And looks with fervour to a promis'd land,
These may be oft o'ercome, the rocks be past,
And heav'nly peace await the bark at last!
But as the ship o'er life's rude sea is led,
In num'rous shoaly isles are thickly spread;
Where gay-eyed pleasure holds her tempting rites,
And calls the trav'ller to unblest delights;
His ravish'd eye beholds th' inviting scene,
And sees the flow'ry groves, the meadows green;
Soft music's notes salute his ravish'd ear;
Alas! he guides his fragile vessel near;
Forgets the object of his voy'ge, and seeks
The fatal coast where ev'ry surge-wave breaks:
At first soft zephyrs urge his bark aloug,
And pleasure lures him with her syren song;

But soon rude breakers round his vessel rise,
Pleasure extends her arms in winning guise,
The victim rushes on, and madly dies!
No saving arm can snatch him from his fate,
For earthly aid, alas! 'tis now too late!
In other seas, when storms impetuous rise,
And mix the foaming waters with the skies,
When heav'n's loud gales o'er all the ocean sweep,
And forked lightnings flash along the deep;
Ah! then what shall the trembling seaman save,
Who sees stern death bestriding ev'ry wave;
Expecting each sad moment as his last,
He sinks supine beneath the storm's wild blast;
Pray'r on his lips, and tear-drops in his eyes,
He sues to Heav'n for mercy ere he dies!
Still, if but nigh, some friendly coast they steer,
A *Life-boat* now may soothe each pang of fear;
May snatch each sinking suff'rer from that wave,
And bear the seaman from a watery grave!

J. M. L.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The communication transmitted by Mr. Lynch shall appear in our next; the future favours of this correspondent will be justly appreciated.

The exertions of our Marazion friend are entitled to our warmest approbation; and we are particularly sorry that we are sometimes under the necessity of rejecting his contributions. Whenever this has been the case, we have had the satisfaction to find that our refusal, instead of exciting resentment against us, has stimulated our correspondent to correct inaccuracies, and make more strennous and successful efforts. "The Vices of Fashion,"—"The Moth," &c. are intended for insertion.

We have received a packet from an anonymous correspondent, which, upon a cursory view, appears to have considerable merit; should it answer our expectations on a more minute inspection, we shall be happy to give it a place in our work, and also to be favoured with communications from the same hand.

An Enigma, by a Constant Reader, in our next.—Letters, by the Author of the Intelligent Traveller, are deferred for want of room.

We must take the liberty of hinting to C. T. that mere rhyming does not constitute the main essential of poetry. Our fair readers have too much taste to be satisfied with a few jingling words, such as "will and still,"—"dear and tea," when unconnected by common sense, or grammatical accuracy. The Nightingale must therefore sing a different strain, to use the author's words, before it can "Teach us what we else should never know."

The Elegy, by Mr. Hawkins, is intended for insertion; we wish this writer would exercise his taste and genius on subjects not merely personal.

The Razor Strop Maker handles his subjects with *dexterity*, and *cuts* up the *sharpest* in the trade; but we must decline the insertion of his favour, as we do not wish our fair readers to meddle with *edged tools*.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

Miss Bence